14 Dec. 1756 (37

AN

EPILOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY of DOUGLAS,

Spoke by the AUTHOR.

SHROUDED in glory, and with praiſe full blown,
Permit your *Bard* his gratitude to own.
To mine *immortal genius* firſt I bow,
And next, *great ſquire*, my thanks are paid to you;
By your example, and kind precept warn'd,
No * heavy moral has my plot deform'd:
Thy ſignal too did teach the thoughtleſs crowd,
When fit to weep, and when to clap aloud.
C——LE and C——PLES, all the favourite tribe
Who on our Zion's top triumphant ride,
My thanks receive; nor fear the † bigots frown:
Perſiſt, and Edin's ſtipends are your own.
O happy Edin! who ere long ſhall ſee
Each pulpit fill'd by ſuch bright wits as we.
Permit me next, great J—G—s of the land,
Who grace my audience, and reſpect command,
To bow obeiſance; what tho' the laws controul
The ſtage? you ſcorn the antiquated rule.
To yonder box, where ſits a humble throng,
Some gratitude and thanks muſt ſure belong;
They are my flock, from ‡ A—NF—D they come,
And ſtand around their paſtor as a crown.
How warm my heart to every *beau* and *belle*,
Ere long my muſe to the dull world ſhall tell.
To thank thee, *Ward*, ſurpaſſes all my art,
W——N and J——N, bear a friendly part;
For tho' ſhe lately died Lord Barnard's wife,
Your preſence ſoon will quicken her to life.
And now in fame's loud horn each name ſhall riſe,
Who owns your Bard, and joins his works to prize.——

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* This ought for ever to ſilence theſe ſhallow critics, who have ſtated it as an objection againſt this play, that one is at a loſs to know what moral ſentiment it is deſigned to inſpire.——According to the true ſenſe of the word *moral*, as accurately defined by ſome late writers, many highly moral ſentences might be quoted from it; ſuch as the beautiful adjuration uſed by one of the ſpeakers, who is introduced ſwearing *by him that died on the accurſed tree to ſave mankind*;—and the devout exclamation put in the mouth of another when juſt expiring, *I'll riſk eternal fire*.

† This refers to that horrid inſult offered by the presbytery of Edinburgh laſt Wedneſday to wit and genius, by ordering letters to be writ to the different presbyteries to which theſe miniſters belong who honoured the play-houſe with their company on this occaſion.

‡ The author ſent a number of tickets to his pariſhioners, who came in a body to the houſe, and entered ſo much into the ſpirit of tragedy, that when met in the evening they could ſcarce part without blows.